1

Does verse but exercise the parable
of lily & the rose, not sowed or spun?
Such frolics how the more mature might shun,
with actu'l work is this comparable?
Is such diversion found as bearable
in this, the age, when livings are hard won?
The laborer knows sweat, the poet none,
if all were such who'd till the arable?
But lyric tries to capture & transmute
the beauty that it finds within this world.
It aids apotheosis, sure, steadfast,
yet may fall far behind in its pursuit.
Although it signifies a skill unfurled,
the sonnet, convolution from the past?

2

One need not be possessed of intellect
 to find a love & know its happiness;
 it's only snake oil salesmen would profess
to learn & teach of such cause & effect.
Love's language speaks a diff'rent dialect
 to letters, words & quotes, & printing press;
 though some who've loved may through
 these means digress,
to try to learn from these is incorrect.
 However taken intellectu'ls are,
  the metaphysical, it's little use.
   Producing trinkets for the learnéd mind,
 from actuality removed, how far!
  Consumers call for lyrics less abstruse,
   as time progresses verse is left behind.

3

In Paradise were two before the fall
 where love predated domination, war,
 the blesséd couple, but one oath they swore,
and whilst they kept it they were granted all.
Their satisfactions did not wane or pall,
 but the Accuser, later known, bid more,
 the step they took, they later learned abhor,
the Devil must have held a midnight ball.
 Since then we've learnt to maim & kill & fuck,
  to but add drugs would make the Triad full.
   Can love compete in world abreast with sin?
 How many more than seven years bad luck?
  As forces dark, macabre, push & pull,
   souls strive for love & little ground do win.

4

Take microscopes & scalpels to the dead,
dismember joints & stain the cells & peer,
you will not find one speck of love, come near
the suitor's realm in corpse's heart or head.
To live, to love, to die, perhaps well said
there is no more within this mortal sphere;
to grasp love's riddle doesn't take a seer,
it is an inborn artefact, not bred.
Ere Paris made to judge, was bribed: earth's king;
wisdom & martial skill; or Helen's love.
The prize he chose himself out of the three
was love; of human happiness, wellspring.
To each, love's granted by the God's above,
it is our choice to use it fittingly.

5

The hunter & the hunted play love's war,
and both do see a rapture in the chase,
with fight or flight a part of human race;
do lover's games reflect what went before?
Our animal psychology explore,
and thus persuade that it is not the case,
that mating's tooth & claw, as well as grace;
how many psyches, others, selves, do gore?
True love would mean the lioness & lamb
lay down together as was prophesied.
The chance, it seems, recedes as time doth move;
do modern maps of love but form a sham?
There's no intent this century to chide,
there's just the modest view things don't improve.

6

It is no wonder to consider that
today sometimes our heart itself deceives,
admiring superficialities;
when asked for empathy how some fall flat.
There's many belles exchange a tit for tat,
and where's the beau in intellect believes?
There's honesty within a den of thieves;
some lovers are no better than a rat.
Perhaps these are the marks of lust, not love,
and greed examines just what it could gain.
Why bond if you cannot afford a home?
Maturity seems over & above.
Perhaps not one who cannot fake or feign,
is this the third millennium's syndrome?

7

There's some that are pragmatic in their view,
they never plunge without researching first,
a wing and prayèr regarded as the worst,
its hard to tell if they are staid or true.
They have a second plan if first falls through,
in self control, they would appear well versed,
their hearts, they seem not hunger, seem not thirst,
they are not hypnotized by all that's new.
But are such calculations really love,
or just an exercise in discipline?
Are hearts as these restrained in their own chains
rejecting Venus & the turtle dove?
So do they let their loves beneath their skin?
To know a happiness, one must know pains.

8

To flirt is justifiably defined
as playing with the urge to sexuàl act;
when those committed toy, although with tact,
if there is smoke, there's fire, & tensions wind.
A flirt's a promise, taken or declined,
the core intention, others to attract;
though such temptation may not gel to fact,
it does invite, a form of bond that's signed.
To play such games, to chance with jealousy,
it is for singles such behavior suits.
Unto one's love, one owes exclusive wish,
fidelity, mark of maturity.
Perhaps the thrill of choice forbidden fruits,
or just one envious of other's dish.

9

A pair, they may have sworn their nuptial vows;
when taken, no dissembling, & no lie,
and their emotions may see eye to eye,
but loyalty, with time, they but espouse.
Much more than half do more than idly browse,
some think their oath and word does not apply,
perhaps their marriage does not satisfy,
they seek elsewhere, despite which factor cows.
They've had their pick, & want more from the store,
receipt in hand, one can't renew the search.
Tracks covered, if discretion is complete,
and heart not gifted to the paramour.
But bear in mind, that if it was a Church,
it is impossible your God to cheat.

10

In love some bear, ignore, the harshest ills,
when such occur, their temper it may fly;
but love's fixation can be arch & sly,
the angered one perhaps palmed off with frills.
The tiff is proper, but deceit, it chills,
forgiven, not forgot, as time goes by;
as anger cools, the love it may retie,
although deception, it distrust instills.
Though those who love like this may not last long,
and for the wronged, a torture so unfair.
On leaving, they may clean the dust from feet,
so choosing not their insult to prolong.
They may remember much forgiving care,
though recollections change to bittersweet.

11

How quick some souls descend to jealousy,
which clips love's wings and means it cannot fly,
souls curse their rivals with the evil eye,
and so with envy mar their purity.
The sweetest bliss may turn to enmity,
as placid love & care, they go awry,
and in a minor slight they hurt imply,
which stokes a rage & animosity.
There is no antidote to envy's sting,
but it would seem it's born upon distrust.
So strong it may pólice a partners mind,
and may mutate a love to diff'rent thing.
Once gaining hold, not just receding trust,
this rotting canker may all senses blind.

12

When starting out in love the game is new,
a pair with unfamiliarity,
there is a space for curiosity,
each color of the rainbow shows its hue.
At break of day, to catch the morning dew,
a sunset shared becomes a sight to see,
the nights together fresh with novelty;
the throes of love excite both, through & through.
But habit is the silent thief of love
which creeps upon us, catches unaware.
As time ticks by some fall into routine
and touch is damped by repetition's glove.
All interaction seems decayed by wear,
and matt replaces what was once a sheen.

13

The Casanova joys in each conquest,
but quickly tirès of each seduced female,
each one a mote within a vapour trail,
each prize, while had, considered as the best.
Alike, but not the same, 'tis manifest
the nymphomaniac can tell a tale;
attempts to satisfy, to no avail;
are both but slaves, and by desire possessed?
But beauty's show, their snare, it fades with time,
what ravages the passing moons may wreak.
With age, the misery that may ensue
with agony of slow descent from prime.
"They flee from me that sometime me did seek",
the plaintive cry of one who knows this true.

14

Some love, it waxes, grows, with passing time,
a sleeper dreams before they are awoke,
tradition & propriety both cloak;
perhaps more spiritous in clement clime.
It may be years before the church bells chime,
it may be months before the two have spoke;
as it takes time creating the bespoke,
such love achieves its costive, steady climb.
But then for those whose heart's upon their sleeve,
love at first sight may strike like lightning's fork.
Tempestuous, impassioned storms will rage,
the swell & surge of waves & billows heave.
How diff'rent are these loves, with diff'rent torque,
to choose between the two requires a sage.

15

The human heart may bring us untold pain,
the pangs of love can cut like shards of glass,
the tortured one bemoans alack, alas,
as febrile thoughts infuse a sicken'd brain.
As rank obsessions turn some men insane,
who knows what strange deeds may not come to pass,
as poison in the breast, it may amass;
love seems the Adam which has bred the Cain.
But Cupid's magic dart makes us adore,
and how we're formed decides how we express.
Blessèd Aphrodite is no evil force,
the Gods are good, it's human will that's poor.
And so some hearts may bear this worldly stress,
and run idyllic, consecrated, course.

16

To find a soul that never love has known,
we need search far & wide upon this earth,
what depths we plunge to such a heart unearth,
love seems of life to be the cornerstone.
The grain & seed is universal sown,
may start with ties of family at birth,
soul's paradox may make a wealth from dearth,
and at one point at least all humans prone.
But too the human heart may sublimate,
and this may make a monster or a sage.
The love of money, the most common slue,
but creativity or work may sate.
Each plays a diff'rent part upon life's stage,
so pray you just desire what's fair & true.

17

The heart is formed by many strands of life,
with time love may develop, or stagnate;
it is impossible foretelling fate,
but youth presages much of future strife.
The theóries regarding this are rife,
with none a perfect fit, by any rate,
when stark exceptions surgicàlly ablate,
and carve through schemes like a dividing knife.
But there are some that always pick a type
without regard of choosing so before.
Their psyche seems fixated on one sort
as it returns to the same archetype.
The modes of love, their heart it has in store,
depend upon the strain they choose to court.

18

'Tis true that time and tide, they wait for none;
some lovers one another do devour,
and seize the second, minute, & the hour,
they mark the running of the moon & sun.
Such bundle an eternity to one,
they pick the rose & blossom in their flowèr;
such an approach is not without its powèr,
they play & sport, & thus their game is won.
But those who worship Goddesses above
may never know such appetites be sate.
The Muses, Charities, the Graces three;
one should not pan an unrequited love.
And so, a diff'rent soul, a diff'rent fate,
more than one path to equanimity.

19

As time & practice scar the human heart
 some learn the phrase once bitten, then twice shy;
 when love's long history has gone awry
it seems impossible to make fresh start.
So there are those that only cause a smart,
 for their regard, however one might vie,
 a numbness, not fulfillment, is reply;
but such, it's true, inspire decrepit art.
 Though then there's some that rightly are aloof,
  they mark their slate with immortality.
   Each step they take seems blessèd, as from above,
 and just like God, their Godhead needs no proof.
  One may admire with full impunity,
   and learn an unrequited, healing love.

20

With love & hate so close in most men's mind
they form a bond that's fraught with jealousy,
should they detect a slip, there's enmity;
does this show love, or but display a bind?
There's women too, belonging to this kind,
with both such may progress to injury,
the opposite of lover's sworn duty;
countless relationships seem so defined.
There is a one asked keep off envy's sting,
although in fantasy he framed request.
So what were one to cheerfully persist,
accepting she would never wear your ring.
Such lover's spirits never were depressed,
and of his crew, the Charities might list.

21

Addition & subtraction, private cares,
it starts with pennies in the piggy bank,
withholding pocket money for a prank,
the bank account that tells state of affairs.
Then the economy, with stocks & shares,
to multiply and then divide, the plank,
to chase percents, economies to rank
on int'rest rates & growth in lieu of wares.
Love's match is so much more than just the two,
it's said the soul into the soul doth flow.
An exponential formed out of a line,
math's integration matches lover's view.
Two souls unite, a mustard seed to sow,
the growth of which its modesties outshine.

22

Success in love's arena calls for skill,
those ill equipped not gaining their desire,
there's some accoutrements that are for hire,
and some who act and thus can gain their will.
But outside realms of fame & wealth, love's drill
may modesties & tenderness require,
by which a pair may each the each inspire;
sincerity may make their time stand still.
And so, if one can note an honest face
the worth is more than any bill or act.
When this is coupled with a loving smile
how sweet the memory, how sweet the trace.
The subtle upward curl of lips, its tact,
can more than most accessories beguile.

23

In throes of love, how square the heart & mind?
Impulse & thought pursue a wild conflict,
We're then two beings if examined strict.
To fall in love leave we our sense behind?
Our intellect, it puts us in a bind,
and then our strong emotions contradict;
the each at war within themselves depict
to understand such tendencies defined.
But over time serenity expands,
and love & reason can each other bless.
To think & too adore doth plait love's braid,
one who succeeds in this, their fate commands.
Such admixture of thought and tenderness
can form a blend which change cannot invade.

24

There are some unions made which bind like chains;
although they started out with pure intent
with patina of age they make descent,
and love its duties inattentive feigns.
Replacing whim & quirk, a habit reigns,
the lover's bond becomes a fast cement,
the actions are the same, but it's not meant,
the heart, it nothing ventures, nothing gains.
But also, love can bring eternal youth,
when care, respect, concern, are paid as due.
When souls do intermingle, fuse & blend,
regarding each the each, they form a truth.
Such loves discover ever pleasures new,
without constraint they do the other tend.

25

The pain of separation can cut deep,
the soul is numbed by absence & by loss,
a great abyss is formed, which it must cross;
at times, at first, those struck can't even weep.
Then tears into the stricken one may seep,
they paint the cheeks with salty water's gloss;
but still, around the neck, dead albatross,
which makes each step along the path more steep.
This isolation, oh how it compares,
to fresh or ripened love, in bloom or fruit.
The act of sharing is the lover's key,
to do so once again could lessen cares.
If able then the soul puts forth a shoot,
new love may flowèr with true serenity.

26

The ones whose hearts are shattered time on time
may have the greatest courage to proceed,
might treasure just the slightest loving deed
and learn how to forgive the greatest crime.
Such ones may wait an age for what's sublime
and spend an eon where they don't succeed,
their heart remaining true in thought and deed
as they lament their now, their passing prime.
The only beacon they require is hope,
to wait for better times to come their way.
Pandora's box contained this treasured prize,
as long as there's but some, there's means to cope.
And if those such as these, strive, come what may,
found love were twice as sweet as they are wise.

27

Both life & love, they know of time's decay;
how many unions do not reach their goal?
A budding partnership, one may extol,
but Aphrodite's whim may pitch astray.
The darts of fortune causing an affray,
the sweet allure of sin that meets each soul,
ennui from lack of change that takes its toll,
the marking of decline that mars today.
Though love may ask, it gifts & grants & cedes,
and its initiates, they merge, conjoin.
Statistics cannot gauge the state of hearts,
nor judge how many dance to Pan's sweet reeds.
True couples, pleasure ever can rejoin,
and may 'till death do part, remain sweethearts.

28

Love's signs extend to objects great & small,
it is the thought that is the biggest part,
so what befits the love may move the heart,
and souvenirs on memories may call.
When separated, gifts they may enthral,
if in their choice one has applied an art,
they need not cost to join what is apart,
and feelings rare & true they may recall.
Such magic properties extend past death,
of sentimental worth, too poor a phrase.
A lover can reclaim a past of worth,
although the one who gave no more draws breath.
These turn a temporál to an always,
and grant a life when souls have left this earth.

29

To tell of love requires a man be brave,
to say these words announces sacrifice,
perhaps a risk, akin to playing dice,
he hints or indicates he will behave.
Doth it imply monogamy to crave?
Doth it request two destinies to splice?
These seminal three words, they are concise,
the heart's adrift, but matching love can save.
Some love is of a lineage of yore,
and its petition, of a diff'rent kind.
It would be fair to say, this love is free,
although not clad in clothes the sixties wore.
It finds security in steadfast mind
that has no wish for infidelity.

30

There are comparisons of love & war:
the operating theater of each realm
abreast with sly commanders at their helm,
who knows for recent conscripts, what's in store.
Enlisted combatants, they form a corps,
reserves, they fashion coffins made of elm,
the rites of battle, some may overwhelm,
as bruised belligerents, they nurse their sore.
But some, they bond together love & peace,
unleashing forces bearing powèr to move.
Calm, relaxation, rest, tranquility,
and too defense against this world's caprice.
Such love, some heated temperaments reprove,
but better than some struggle's butchery.

31

The smart of Cupid's dart can be unkind,
it may produce a love that's not returned,
and make for pain indeed if one is spurned,
and harrowing, the offer that's declined.
Preoccupations of the stricken mind,
mistake upon mistake, no lesson learned,
despite all efforts, no advantage earned,
no extrication from this Cherub's bind.
But perseverance, chance, or fate, may bring,
through that, or other love, the heart's desires.
Though Goddess Venus grants no guarantee,
her charity may calm her Cupid's sting.
So tend the heart, and do what it requires,
what is within may be its remedy.

32

For centuries our metaphor for love has been
the heart, whose passions, rarefied or low,
may form or vanish, if or not on show;
from thence we've thought our feelings authorized.
Then Harvey circulation scrutinized,
and found the heart a pump which made blood flow,
maintaining for the whole the status quo;
the function of the heart, it was revised.
But still it's said, all die from broken hearts,
with its last beat our souls depart this world.
Are modes of love & life one and the same,
does Aphrodite halt where Pluto starts?
So all our mortal deeds are cancelled, furled,
to nothingness & lack, when gone, love's flame.

33

Sweet music feeds the appetite of love;
 crescendos suit the young & those carefree,
 diminuendos bring serenity,
so diff'rent mood, so diff'rent fitting glove.
What songs must complement the realms above;
 the patient largo & its ministry,
 allegro with its pace & swift decree,
and each may join with faith of turtle dove.
 Today a single MP3 can store
  the whole emotion that one has for one.
   Reminds, too poor a word for such love song,
 when endless repetition just brings more.
  These memories, with lyricism spun,
   the powér to recall may be lifelong.

34

The call of love is an eternal flame
 which antecedes our written history,
 but since recorded actuality
its myths resound through ages with due fame.
So Paris, having been vouchsafed his claim,
 as graceful Aphrodite's devotee,
 was extricated from antiquity,
by a tradition built upon acclaim.
 The word, the code that keeps such tales alive,
  tenfold more forceful with the printing press.
   Lovers, they will descend unto the grave,
 where worms & maggots, on dead flesh they thrive.
  The poet, author, that the Muses bless,
   a passing, mortal love that was, can save.

Index of first lines

A pair, they may have sworn their nuptial vows — **9**

Addition & subtraction, private cares — **21**

As time & practice scar the human heart — **19**

Both life & love, they know of time's decay — **27**

Does verse but exercise the parable — **1**

For centuries our metaphor for love has been — **32**

How quick some souls descend to jealousy — **11**

In love some bear, ignore, the harshest ills — **10**

In Paradise were two before the fall — **3**

In throes of love, how square the heart & mind — **23**

It is no wonder to consider that — **6**

Love's signs extend to objects great & small — **28**

One need not be possessed of intellect — **2**

Some love, it waxes, grows, with passing time — **14**

Success in love's arena calls for skill — **22**

Sweet music feeds the appetite of love — **33**

Take microscopes & scalpels to the dead — **4**

The call of love is an eternal flame — **34**

The Casanova joys in each conquest — **13**

The heart is formed by many strands of life — **17**

The human heart may bring us untold pain — **15**

The hunter & the hunted play love's war — **5**

The ones whose hearts are shattered time on time — **26**

The pain of separation can cut deep — **25**

The smart of Cupid's dart can be unkind — **31**

There are comparisons of love & war — **30**

There are some unions made which bind like chains — **24**

There's some that are pragmatic in their view — **7**

'Tis true that time and tide, they wait for none — **18**

To find a soul that never love has known — **16**

To flirt is justifiably defined — **8**

To tell of love requires a man be brave — **29**

When starting out in love the game is new — **12**

With love & hate so close in most men's mind — **20**